Little Monster

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by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

"The beast let out a painful cry as it hit the ground. Hannibal warned the other hunters to stay away while he went to check on the creature. It was a small one, a werewolf, not even fully transformed yet. A little boy. He was still struggling to move, the bullet on his hip and the arrow piercing his leg, blood soaking his torn clothes."

Notes

The last thread I did for Spooky Slick 2020, featuring werewolves/monsters. I really liked writing this and as usual, I plan to turn it into a full fic... one day.

Title taken from "Little Monster" by Royal Blood

Enjoy

"Hey little monster, I got my eye on you

Where are you going, where you running to?

Hey little monster, you know it's all okay

I'm gonna love you, no matter what you say"

It was a cold night, the full moon illuminating their way among the dark forest. The leader was ahead, guiding the other hunters through the place he knew so well. Each one held a special weapon made specifically for their *peculiar* job - as the villagers liked to say. But, if not them, who would protect the village from the terrible creatures of the night?

Hannibal, the leader, stopped suddenly, focused on hearing the noises around them. One of the hunters, Chiyoh, was ready to pull the trigger. “It’s fine”, Hannibal said, gesturing for her to put down the shotgun, “I can feel one of them, it’s a weak one. We can get rid of it easily, without making an unnecessary mess.”

They proceeded to walk carefully, trying not to make any sound. Then, Hannibal heard a growling, and turned around to face the other hunters, placing a finger above his lips and asking for silence. Another growling, and the sound of something stepping on the branches and dried leaves on the ground. Hannibal slowly took his silver bullet gun out of his pocket, and looked at the blade, also made of silver, he had on his belt. He could sense that the beast near them was really weak, perhaps even young. It wouldn’t be necessary to use more than one bullet.

However, before any of them could do anything, the beast jumped on Randall, the other hunter, who stayed near Chiyoh. Randall screamed as the beast tried to bite him, not being able to use his crossbow. Chiyoh quickly pulled the shotgun’s trigger and shot the beast, which stumbled then turned around to run. It wasn’t able to go too far before Randall’s arrow reached it, hitting its leg. The beast let out a painful cry as it hit the ground. Hannibal warned the others to stay away while he went to check on the creature.

It was a small one, a werewolf, not even fully transformed yet. A little boy. He was still struggling to move, the bullet on his hip and the arrow piercing his leg, blood soaking his torn clothes.

“Easy”, Hannibal said, trying to touch him, but receiving an aggressive snarl in return, “you’re a strong one, little wolf. Still trying to fight for your life.”

The werewolf growled, showing his fangs, but then cried as he moved, staying still afterwards.

“If I knew you were so young, I wouldn’t have let my hunters do this to you”, Hannibal touched the boy’s leg, where the arrow pierced, “I would love to study you. A rare specimen.

Besides", Hannibal frowned, taking a look at the werewolf's small body, "it seems that you're an omega. It isn't common for young omegas to hunt alone."

Hannibal tried to see where the bullet went through, easier now that the boy wasn't struggling much. "If my guesses are correct, you don't belong to any pack. That's...unusual. And increases my curiosity."

The small werewolf was panting now, wanting to cry with the pain.

"I'll carry you", Hannibal said, putting his gun on the bag again, "I'll bring you to our house. I'll be happy to do research on you. And going to a warm place must be better than to stay in these woods alone, don't you think?"

The boy didn't say anything, still laying on the ground.

"I won't hurt you, I promise. In return, you won't try to hurt me, understood?"

The boy nodded, biting his lips due to the burning sensations on his skin.

"Good. And you must be hungry. I have fresh meat in the house. Now, may I carry you?" The boy nodded again. "Excellent", Hannibal smiled, then crouched to take the hurt werewolf on his arms. "Can you talk?"

"Yes", the boy said in a breathy whisper and coughed.

"Do you have a name?"

"Will."

"Very well, Will", Hannibal was holding the little wolf, who was soon trembling with cold. "You'll be fine. I'll take care of you."

The boy was being carried by Hannibal, head on his shoulder, facing the hunters behind him. Will snarled at Randall.

"I don't like him", Randall said.

"You don't have to", Hannibal replied as they walked.

"What do you plan to do with him?", Chiyoh asked.

"As I said previously, I want to study him", Hannibal said, "Besides, if he receives the right care, he'll get stronger. And what better to have a powerful werewolf on our side?"

Hannibal smiled, already proud of that strong little wolf.

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